

Mist'ris Turners Farewell to all women.

Angell (turn'd Diuell) Pride:
by thee I fell
When heere on earth I dwelt
too'th pit of Hell:
Yet spite o' all thy Poysons,
I am faire
Now in Gods eyes,
Women by me Beware.



Mist'ris Turner.



Lady Pride.

1 **T**Hou, of all finnes the first, of all, the highest,
Because thou fell'st from Heauen before Mans fall,
Who, when to Happines thou wert the mightiest,
In enuy of the best of all, lost all.
2 Wo worth that whorish face of thine, which tempted
Me to more Hells then thou hast vaine attires,
For which my spotted Soule, is not exempted
(With out Gods mercy) from eternall fires.
3 Shee-Diuell, (destroyer both of man and Woman,
That with thy forcercous Drugges didst catch my Soule:
To the last Barre Tribunall, thee I summon,
Where I shall stand all white, thou black and foule.
4 Washt are my spots away by *Christs* red passion,
For I am there whence headlong thou wert throwne:
And now I glory in triumphant fashion,
That thou art there whether I should haue gone:
From Heauen thou fellst to Hell, and I being drownd
In Sinnes, got vp and now in Heauen sit Crownd.

1 **T**Hou, of all Woemen worst of all, the basest,
Who (when I am of Sinnes the worst and proudest,
And throwne from Heauen me in thy bosome places;
And what thy heart lou'd best, now railst at loudest.
2 'Tis not thy hate of Pride, makes thee to cry
Wo worth my Whorish Face, but tis because
Thy Pride hath caught her fall, and thou must dye,
And frighted art with Hells deuouring lawes.
3 Enough it is for me that I haue made thee
Drunke with my cup: nor care I though thou boast
That from eternall fires Gods mercy staid thee;
For say thy soule be sau'd, thy bodies lost.
4 As for thy yellowed Ruffes, phantastick Tires,
Paintings, and Poysonings (now by thee abhorred)
I laugh to see thee wrap them vp in fires,
For Pride hath more to bewitch many a Forehead.
And though thy soule should climbe the highest Sphere,
He pluck downe thousands that shall nere come the e.

Printed for Iohn Trundle.